



INDIAN RUINS.

## SOMETHING ABOUT THE MOSQUITOS.\*

**W**AIKNA, in the language of the Mosquitos—the Indians, not the insects, so called—signifies A MAN in general, and a Mosquito man in particular; since, in their own opinion, they are the gem and flower of the human race. Of these men *par excellence*, and the country they inhabit, Mr. Samuel A. Bard has undertaken to tell us something.

He informs us, by way of introduction, that he was a painter, devoted to "High Art," and entertaining a most sovereign contempt for portraiture—unless, indeed, the sitter chanced to be young and pretty. Now, as it happens that people want portraits of themselves even though



THE LANDLADY'S PORTRAIT.

\* *Waikna; Adventures on the Mosquito Shore.* By SAMUEL A. BARD. Profusely Illustrated. Large 12mo. \$1 25. Harper and Brothers.

they are not beautiful, and do not, as a general thing, care much for grand historical pictures, it followed, as a natural consequence, that the artist found his purse much more scantily stocked than was desirable.

By way of compromising the difference of sentiment between himself and the public, he resolved to condescend to landscape, and went to Jamaica in search of scenery sufficiently gorgeous to be immortalized by his pencil. But, unluckily, the cholera came there too, and the artist resolved to leave. Having painted the portrait of his landlady, by way of liquidating her unsettled bill, he was enabled to quit the island with an impaired credit.

A very expensive voyage was quite beyond our artist's means; but for the sum of

three pounds "currency," Captain Ponto, the sable master of the schooner *Prince Albert*, undertook to transport him and his worldly effects to Blewfields, the seat of government of "George William Clarence, by the Grace of God, King of the Mosquito Territory."



ANTONIO.

The crew of the *Prince Albert* regularly consisted of the captain, his mate, and one sable sailor. But on the present occasion, in consideration of having a passenger on board, the skipper engaged an Indian boy, named Antonio, to act as cook. Antonio was a lithe, active lad, with a strange, dreamy look, and an undefinable

air of mystery about him. Our artist soon had his sympathy and curiosity awakened; but it was long before the mystery was solved. The boy had a singular talisman, which he styled "*Kucimen*, the Lord that never lies," from which he pretended to derive information of future events, and which, as he said, had announced that there was death on board the vessel.

The oracle spoke truth. The *Prince Albert* was destined never to complete her voyage. On the third day of the passage out a storm arose that drove the schooner upon one of the low coral islets that stud the Antilles. Our author thus, with pen and pencil, sets forth the shipwreck:



THE SHIPWRECK.

"A sound, hoarse and steady, but louder even than that of the wind, broke on our ears. It was evident that we were approaching it, for every instant it became more distinct and ominous. I gazed ahead into the hopeless darkness, when suddenly a broad sheet of lightning revealed immediately before us, and not a cable's length distant, what, under the lurid gleam, appeared to be a wall of white spray, dashing literally a hundred feet in the air—a hell of waters, from which there was no escape. "*El Roncador!*" shrieked the captain, in a voice of utter despair, that even then thrilled like a knife in my heart. The fearful moment of death had come, and I had barely time to draw a full breath of preparation for the struggle, when we were literally whelmed in the raging waters. I felt a shock, a sharp jerk, and the hiss and gurgle of the sea, a sensation of immense pressure, followed by a blow like that of a heavy fall. Again I was lifted up, and again struck down, but this time with less force. I had just enough consciousness left to know that I was striking on the sand, and I made an involuntary effort to rise and escape from the waves. Before I could gain my feet I was

again struck down, again and again, until, nearer dead than alive, I at last succeeded in crawling to a spot where the water did not reach me. I strove to rise now, but could not; and, as that is the last thing I remember distinctly of that terrible night, I suppose I must have fallen into a swoon."

The captain and his mate were lost. The artist, Antonio, and the sailor, sorely bruised, were flung upon the shore.

Fortunately it was the turtle season, and there was no danger of starvation; and there was every probability that turtle hunters would soon visit the island for their annual supply of shell. The survivors of the shipwreck set about making the best of their affairs. By night they lay in wait for the turtle as they came up to deposit their eggs; turned the unwieldy creatures on their backs, so that they were absolutely helpless; and by daylight proceeded to the operation of divesting them of the prized shell. The tortoise shell of commerce is merely the scales that cover the bony shield of the turtle. These scales are thirteen in number, varying from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in thickness. A large turtle will furnish about eight pounds.

To detach this shell from the living animal, says our author, "is a cruel process which it made my flesh creep to witness. The fishers do not kill the turtles; did they do so, they would in a few years exterminate them. When the turtle is caught, they fasten him, and cover his back with dry leaves or grass, to which they set fire. The heat causes the plates to separate at their joints. A large knife is then carefully inserted horizontally beneath them, and the laminæ lifted from the back, care being taken not to injure the shell by too much heat, nor to force it off, until the heat has fully prepared it for separation. Many turtles die under this cruel operation, but instances are numerous in which they have been caught a second time, with the outer coating reproduced; but, in such cases, instead of thirteen pieces, it is a single piece. I could never bring myself to witness this cruelty more than once, and was glad that the process of 'scaling' was carried on out of sight of the hut. Had the poor turtles the power of shrieking, they would have made that barren island a very hell, with their cries of torture."

The vessels of the expected turtle hunters came in sight at last. They were not disposed to be over-friendly. After coolly plundering the wreck of whatever they wanted, they ordered their shipwrecked predecessors to vacate the

hut they had erected. Our artist demurred to this order; and a couple of the new comers advancing, knife in hand to carry it into execution, he presented a truly American argument to the contrary, in the shape of a revolver. They attempted to flee;



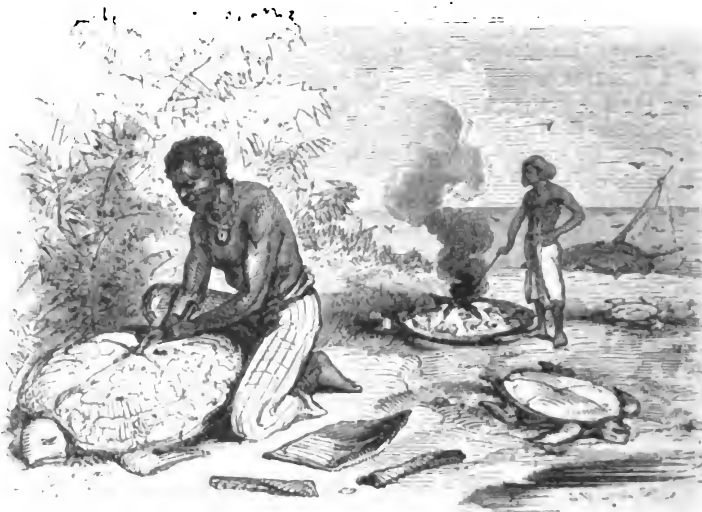
"EL RONCADOR."

but the captain was caught, and the muzzle of the pistol brought most unpleasantly close to his head. He begged for mercy in the most abject terms; and was finally released on condition of carrying the party from the island. To make sure that he should not give them the slip, he was obliged to take up his residence in the hut, while his men remained on board the vessel. The mysterious revolver was as potent as a magician's wand in keeping the worthy captain under due subjection; and in course of time he began to enter-

tain quite a liking for his peremptory hosts; so much so, that on reaching his village, after leaving El Roncador, he manifested his high respect for them by getting up a dance in their honor. The music for the entertainment consisted of a violin, two guitars, and a queer Indian instrument consisting of a perforated gourd over which were strained brass wires in lieu of strings. The refreshment consisted of Jamaica rum, flavored with the juice of the sugar cane, lemons, and red pepper. Every body got gloriously drunk, quarreled, broke their instruments over each other's heads; then cried, embraced and became good friends again. And so the entertainment came to an end.

The tortoise hunting on El Roncador had been so successful, that our artist put a few hundred dollars in his purse by the sale of the shell which he had collected. So with renewed courage he embarked for the Mosquito capital.

The royal residence is described by our author as "A collection of the rudest possible thatched huts. Among them are two or three framed buildings, one of which is the residence of a Mr. Bell, an Englishman, with whom, as I afterward learned, resided that world-renowned monarch, 'George William Clarence, King of all the Mosquitos.' The site of the huts is picturesque, being upon comparatively high ground, at a point where a considerable stream



SHELLING TURTLES.

from the interior enters the lagoon. There are two villages; the principal one, or Blewfields proper, which is much the largest, containing perhaps five hundred people, and 'Carlsruhe,' a kind of dependency, so named by a colony of Prussians who had attempted to establish themselves here, but whose colony, at the time of my visit, had utterly failed. Out of more than a hundred of the poor people, who had been induced to come here, but three or four were left, existing in a state of great debility and distress. Most of their companions had died, but a few had escaped to the interior, where they bear convincing witness to the wickedness of attempting to found colonies, from northern climates, on low, pestiferous shores, under the tropics.

"Among the huts were many palm and plantain trees, with detached stalks of the papaya laden with its large golden fruit. The shore was lined with canoes, *pitmans* and *dories*, hollowed from the trunks of trees, all sharp, trim, and graceful in shape. The natives propel them, with great rapidity, by single broad-bladed paddles, struck vertically in the water, first on one side, and then on the other.

"There was a large assemblage on the beach, when we landed, but I was amazed to find that, with few exceptions, they were all unmitigated negroes, or Sambos (*i. e.* mixed negro and Indian). I had heard of the Mosquito Shore as occupied by the Mosquito Indians, but soon found that there were few, if any, pure Indians on the entire coast. The miserable people who

go by that name are, in reality, Sambos, having a considerable intermixture of trader blood from Jamaica, with which island the coast has its principal relations. The arrival of the traders on the shore is the signal for unrestrained debauchery, always preluded by the traders



APPROACH OF THE TURTLE HUNTERS.

baptizing, in a manner not remarkable for its delicacy or gravity, all children born since their last visit, in whom there is any decided indication of white blood. The names given on these occasions are as fantastic as the ceremony, and great liberties are taken with the cognomens of all notabilities, living and dead, from 'Pompey' down to 'Wellington.'

Walking out the morning after his arrival, Mr. Bard encountered a tall trim serious looking white man, who invited him to his house. It was a plain building of rough boards, containing a number of small rooms opening into a larger one. All around were hung portraits of the Queen of England. A sleepy looking black girl, with an enormous head of frizzled hair, was lazily sweeping the floor, as they entered. Little did our wanderer dream of the august presence into which he was soon to be ushered.

"At a word from the gentleman," says the narrative, "the torpid black girl disappeared for a few moments, and then came back with some cups and a pot of coffee. I observed that there were three cups, and that my host filled them all, which I thought a little singular, since there were but two of us. A faint, momentary suspicion crossed my mind, that the female polypus stood in some such relation to my host as to warrant her in honoring us with her company. But, instead of doing so, she unceremoniously pushed open a door in the corner, and curtly ejaculated to some unseen occupant, 'Get up!' There was a kind of querulous response, and directly a thumping and muttering, as of some person who regarded himself as unreasonably disturbed. Meanwhile we had each finished

our first cup of coffee, and were proceeding with a second, when the door in the corner opened, and a black boy, or what an American would be apt to call a 'young darkey,' apparently nineteen or twenty years old, shuffled up to the table. He wore only a shirt, unbuttoned at the throat, and cotton pantaloons, scarcely buttoned at all. He nodded to my entertainer with a drawling 'Mornin', Sir!' and sat down to the third cup of coffee. My host seemed to take no notice of him, and we continued our conversation. Soon after, the sloven youth got up, took his hat, and slowly walked down the path to the river, where I afterward saw him washing his face in the stream."

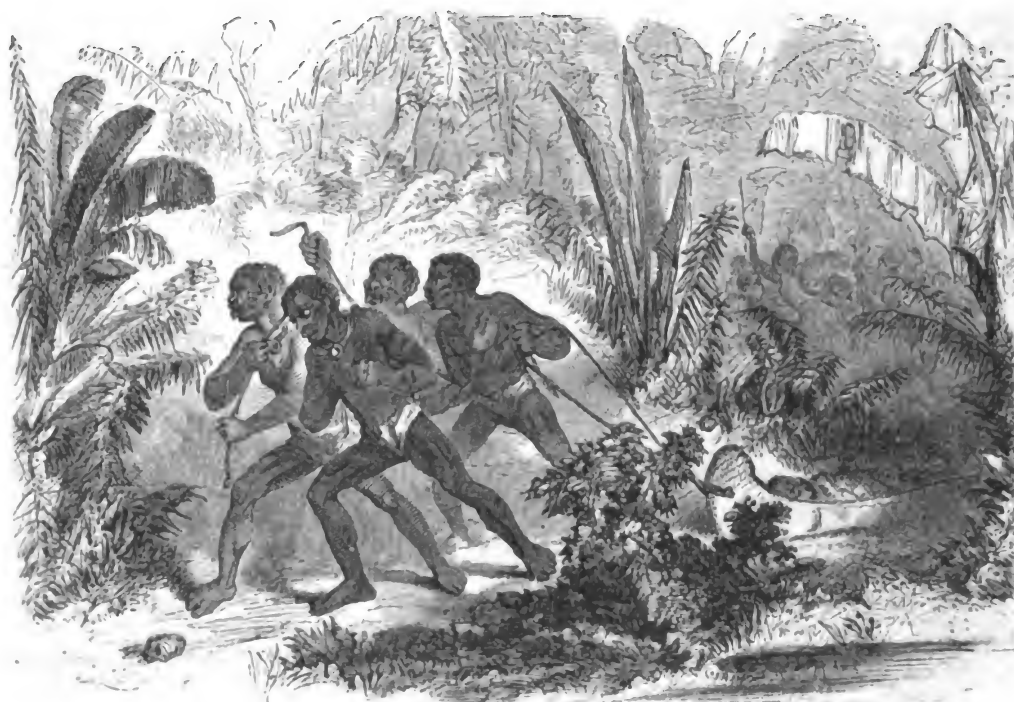
In the course of conversation the artist remarked that he was very desirous of being presented to His Majesty the King of the Mosquitos. His host thereupon stepped to the door, and shouted to the colored youth to return:

"Perhaps you are not aware that *that* is the king," he said, as the boy approached.

"George," said the host, "this gentleman has come to see you. Sit down."

This was the ceremony of introduction to the Mosquito Monarch. The tall, thin white gentleman was Mr. Bell, the English resident. George was nothing more nor less than a negro, with scarcely a trace of Indian blood; such a fellow as would be considered at the South to be "a likely young fellow, worth twelve hundred dollars as a body servant."

The Mosquitos are a mongrel race. The original inhabitants of the coast were described by Fernando Columbus, the son of the great navigator, as being "almost negroes in color, bestial, going naked." The buccanniers of every



A MOSQUITO BURIAL.

nation made their shores a rendezvous, and mingled promiscuously with the Indians. A Spanish slaver was subsequently wrecked upon the coast, and the brutal Africans were added to the population. Runaway slaves from the English and Spanish plantations swelled their number, until finally the negro element came to predominate. Nothing shows more clearly the African character of the Mosquitos than their funeral ceremonies. In reading the following account of a funeral, one might fancy that it was a chapter from Mungo Park or Clapperton:

"As we came near, we heard the monotonous beating of the native drum, or *tum-tum*, relieved by an occasional low, deep blast on a large hollow pipe, which sounded more like the distant bellowing of an ox than any thing else I ever heard. In the pauses we distinguished suppressed wails, which continued for a minute perhaps, and then were followed by the monotonous drum and droning pipe. On advancing to the huts in the centre of the group, I found a small *pitpan* (canoe) cut in half, in one part of which, wrapped in cotton cloth, was the dead body of a man of middle age, much emaciated, and horribly disfigured by what is called the *hulpis*, a species of syphilitic leprosy, which is almost universal on the coast, and which, with the aid of rum, has already reduced the population to one half what it was twenty years ago. This disgusting disease is held in such terror by the Indians of the interior, that they have prohibited all sexual relations between their people and the Sambos of the coast, under the penalty of death.

"Around the pitpan were stationed a number of women, with palm branches, to keep off the flies, which swarmed around the already festering corpse. Their frizzled hair started from their heads like the snakes on the brow of the fabled Gorgon, and they swayed their bodies to



ON THE MOONLIT SEA!

and fro, keeping a kind of tread-mill step to the measure of the doleful *tum-tum*. With the exception of the men who beat the drum and blew the pipe, these women appeared to be the only persons at all interested in the proceedings. The rest were standing in groups, or squatted at the roots of the palm-trees. I was beginning to get tired of the performance, when, with a suddenness which startled even the women around the corpse, four men, entirely naked excepting a cloth wrapped round their loins, and daubed over with variously-colored clays, rushed from the interior of one of the huts, and hastily fastening a piece of rope to the half of the pitpan containing the corpse, dashed away toward the woods, dragging it after them, like a sledge. The women with the Gorgon heads, and the men with the drum and trumpet, followed them on the run, each keeping time on his respective instrument. The spectators all hurried after, in a confused mass, while a big negro, catching up the remaining half of the pitpan, placed it on his head, and trotted behind the crowd.

"The men bearing the corpse entered the woods, and the mass of the spectators, jostling each other in the narrow path, kept up the same rapid pace. At the distance of perhaps two hundred yards, there was an open space, covered with low, dank, tangled underbush, still wet from the rain of the preceding night, which, although unmarked by any sign, I took to be the burial place. When I came up, the half of the

pitpan containing the body had been put in a shallow trench. The other half was then inverted over it. The Gorgon-headed women threw in their palm-branches, and the painted negroes rapidly filled in the earth. While this was going on, some men were collecting sticks and palm-branches, with which a little



ON THE RIVER.

hut was hastily built over the grave. In this was placed an earthen vessel, filled with water. The turtle-spear of the dead man was stuck deep in the ground at his head, and a fantastic fellow, with an old musket, discharged three or four rounds over the spot.

"This done, the entire crowd started back in the same manner it had come.



No sooner, however, did the painted men reach the village, than, seizing some heavy *machetes*, they commenced cutting down the palm-trees which stood around the hut that had been occupied by the dead Sambo. It was done silently, in the most hasty manner, and when finished, they ran down to the river, and plunged out of sight in the water—a kind of lustration or purifying rite. They remained in the water a few moments, then hurried back to the hut from which they had issued, and disappeared."

a drunken brawl, and was succeeded by his half-brother Robert. But the new king was not to the liking of his protectors, who deposed him, and put in his place another Sambo, who was crowned under the name of George Frederick. His reign was also brief; and he was succeeded by another Sambo, Robert Charles Frederick, who was solemnly crowned at Belize on the 23d of April, 1825.

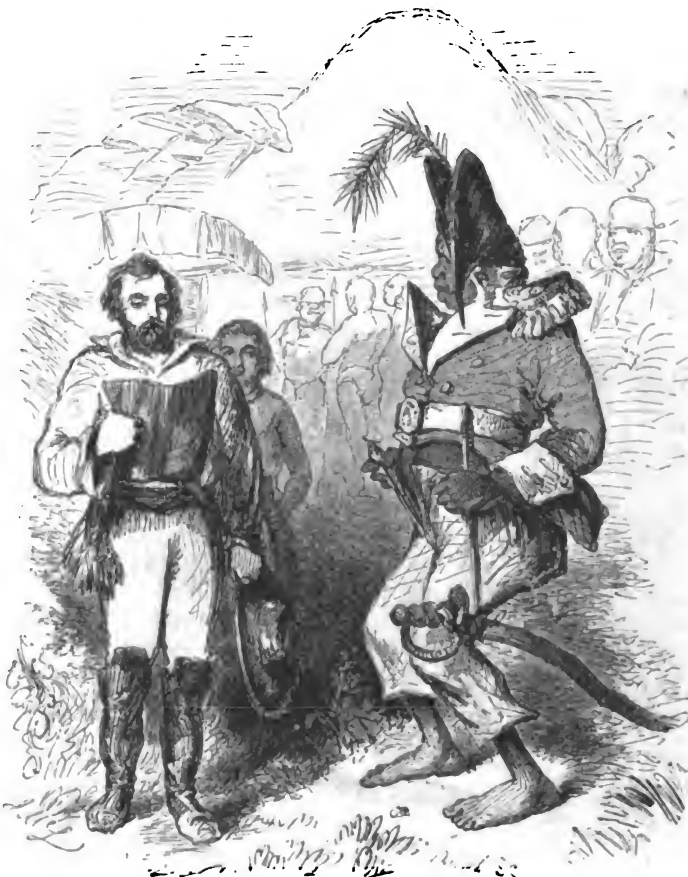
There is extant an account of the ceremonial, which is intensely ludicrous. The monarch was dressed in the uniform of a British major, his court mostly wore sailors' trowsers, some with shirts, and some without. His Majesty seemed chiefly occupied in admiring his finery; and after the anointing oil, which was highly perfumed, had been poured upon his head, he expressed his delight at this portion of the ceremony by repeatedly passing his hands through his bushy locks, and then applying them to his



CHASED BY INDIANS.

The story of the British protectorate over the Mosquitos is a comical one: As early as 1687, one of their chiefs was taken to Jamaica for the purpose of having him place his country under the protection of England. A cocked hat was given him, together with a commission appointing him King of the Mosquitos. His Majesty, however, pulled off his European clothes, ran away from his new friends and protectors, and climbed a tree. In 1740, the English procured a "cession" of the country, and sent some troops over from Jamaica to take possession. This claim was, however, formally abandoned in 1783. When the country passed from under Spanish rule into the hands of the feeble South American Republics, the British again renewed their intrigues. They pitched, for monarch, upon a drunken Sambo "who combined," according to the reports of their own agents, "all the bad qualities of the European and the Creole, with the vicious propensities of the Sambo and the capriciousness of the Indian." The reign of this interesting personage was short. He was killed, in 1824, in

nose. Preparatory to taking the oath of allegiance, "upon the faith of a Christian," it was necessary that they should profess Christianity.



CAPTAIN DRUMMER.

They were accordingly baptized. After this solemn mockery they all proceeded to get beastly drunk at the coronation-dinner which was provided for them.

But his sable Majesty proved somewhat refractory, and his protectors removed him to Belize, where he died, not however before he had affixed his mark to a document, constituting "the United Church of England and Ireland the established religion of the Mosquito nation forever," and appointing the British Superintendent at Belize guardian to his infant heir, and Regent of the kingdom. This heir was his present Majesty, "George William Clarence," the hopeful youth to whom our author had the honor of a personal introduction.

It is not our purpose to follow our author in his journeyings. Suffice it to say that, investing a boat with a portion of the proceeds of the shell gathered on El Roncador, he sailed along the shore, penetrated the dark lagoons and shadowy rivers, and met with adventures without number, which he has recorded in a style full of life and vivacity, illustrating them with sketches which leave us in doubt whether he is more skillful in the use of the pen or the pencil.

He was accompanied by Antonio, and a boy belonging to the Poyer Indians, whom he had hired. Provided with a formal passport from his Majesty George William Clarence, he was

usually received with much consideration by the dignitaries of the several villages. The first occasion for using this formidable document, was at a village called Wassawatla, of which the "head man," "Captain Drummer," is well set forth, with pen and pencil:

"He was, to start with, far from being a fine-looking darkey; but all natural deficiencies were more than made up by his dress. He had on a most venerable cocked hat, in which was stuck a long, drooping, red plume, that had lost half of its feathers, looking like the plumes of some rake of a rooster, returning crestfallen and bedraggled, from an unsuccessful attempt on some powerful neighbor's harem. His coat was that of a post-captain in the British navy, and his pantaloons were of blue cloth, with a dusty gold stripe running down each side. They were, furthermore, much too short at both ends, leaving an unseemly projection of ankle, as well as a broad strip of dark skin between the waistband and the coat. And when I say that the captain wore no shirt, was rather fat, and his pantaloons deficient in buttons wherewith to keep it appropriately closed in front, the active fancy of the reader may be able to complete the picture. He bore, moreover, a huge cavalry sword, which looked all the more formidable from being bent in several places and very rusty. He came forward with deliberation and gravity, and I advanced to meet him, 'king-paper' in hand.

"When I had got near him, he adjusted himself in position, and compressed his lips, with an affectation of severe dignity. Hardly able to restrain laughing outright, I took off my hat, and saluted him with a profound bow, and 'Good-morning, Captain!' He pulled off his hat in return, and undertook a bow, but the strain was too great on the sole remaining button of his waistband; it gave way, and, to borrow a modest nautical phrase, the nether garment 'came down on the run!' The captain, however, no way disconcerted, gathered it up with both hands, and held it in place, while I read the 'paper that talked.'"

As a companion sketch to the head man of Wassawatla, we add the following picture of another dignitary:

"The crowd that huddled around me would have put Falstaff's tatterdemalion army to shame. The most conspicuous character among them wore a red

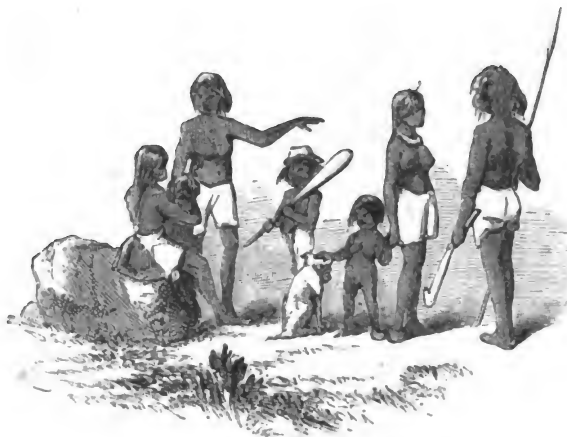


GENERAL PETER SLAM.

check-shirt, none of the cleanest, and a thread-bare undress coat of a British general, but had neither shoes nor breeches. Nor was he equally favored with Captain Drummer in respect of a hat. Instead of a venerable chapeau, like that worn by the captain with so much dignity, he had an ancient bell-crowned 'tile,' which had once been white, but was now of equivocal color, and which, apparently from having been repeatedly used as a seat, was crushed up bellows-fashion, and cocked forward in a most absurd manner.

"The wearer of this imposing garb had already reached the stage of 'big drunk,' and his English, none of the best at any time, was now of a very uncertain character. He staggered up, as if to embrace me, slapping his breast with one hand, and druling out 'I General Slam—General Peter Slam!' I avoided the intended honor by stepping on one side, the consequence of which was, that if the General had not been caught by Antonio, he certainly would have plunged into the lagoon. General Slam then insisted on escorting me up from the beach, 'English gentleman fashion!' and taking my arm in his unsteady grasp, he headed the procession, with a desperate attempt at steadiness, but nevertheless swaying from side to side, after the immemorial practice of drunken men."

The Mosquito territory—the country, that is, occupied by the degraded mongrel race to whom that name properly belongs—is of very limited extent, though the protectors of his sable Majesty appear to exercise an undefined species of influence over the Indians to a considerable distance. The genuine Indians are every way superior to the Sambos. They are a slight, well-made people, with well-kept glossy black hair, who rely for subsistence mainly upon agriculture. They have an abundance of tropical plants and fruit, such as maize, yucas, cassava, squashes, plantains, cocoa-nuts, and papayas. The women are rather pretty, and are exceedingly shy and retiring. They are divided into quite a number of tribes, such as the Poyers,



TOWKAS INDIANS.

Towkas, Cookras, and Woolwas; but there is a strong family likeness between them. They are also distinguished from the Sambos by the almost entire absence of polygamy. They are, however, extremely fond of intoxicating liquor, or rather of getting drunk; since their tipple, *chica*, is any thing but tempting to the organs of taste, smell, or sight.



EFFECTS OF CHICA.

At one of the villages of these Indians our author was received with great hospitality, the largest and most commodious hut being assigned for his residence, with the intimation that it was

at his disposal as long as he chose to remain. A rude drum in one corner answered the purpose of a bell; a gentle tap upon it being answered by a couple of lads, who brought whatever he desired. For all this kindness they would accept nothing beyond a few red cotton handkerchiefs and triangular files, which are in great demand for pointing their hunting-spears. The time of his stay among them was passed pleasantly in hunting and fishing.



VILLAGE OF QUAMWATLA.





SUKIA OF SANDY BAY.

Our author gives very full details of the superstitions of these Indians. They have a kind of witches, called *Sukias*, who exercise a great influence over them. One of them, whom he encountered at Sandy Bay, was as disgusting a piece of humanity as ever rode a broomstick. While another, who resided far up among the mountains, and who bore the appellation of "the Mother of the Tigers," was, if the pic-



THE "MOTHER OF THE TIGERS."

torial and verbal sketches which he gives of her are to be trusted, a rare model of female loveliness.

Between this "Mother of the Tigers" and the mysterious Indian boy Antonio, there is some strange connection, which is not cleared up till the very close of the book, when he announces that he is the hereditary chief of the Peninsula of Yucatan, and that he had left his native fastnesses to organize

a vast scheme of insurrection, which was to overthrow the dominion of the Spanish race throughout the whole Southern Continent. This announcement was made as our artist and the Indian stood alone, in the dim twilight, upon the sandy beach of the Island of Guanaja, renowned in history as the spot from which Columbus caught his first view of the continent which should bear his name. The mild-eyed Indian boy is no other than the famous ANTONIO CHUL, the leader of that formidable insurrection which is now raging in Yucatan!

Shall we acknowledge that this melodramatic *dénouement* has somewhat shaken our faith in the book as an actual record of real adventure? We know that truth is stranger than fiction;

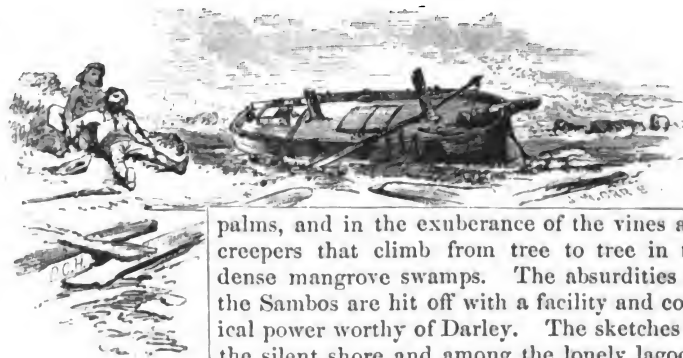


EMBARCADERO ON THE TIROLAS.

that all this might very well have been true; and that coincidences quite as strange are narrated in the sober pages of history, without arousing the incredulity of the most skeptical. All this we know very well. But still we have our doubts.

Then again, who is Mr. Samuel A. Bard? He speaks of the little studio in White Street, where he toiled away at his historical compositions. Can any body give us the number where that studio was situated? He also tells us of two or three pictures annually purchased of him by the late "Art Union," through the good offices of his friend Mr. Sly, one of the Directors of that Institution. Can any one tell us what those pictures were?

We confess our own ignorance; and yet we had supposed that no artist capable of producing

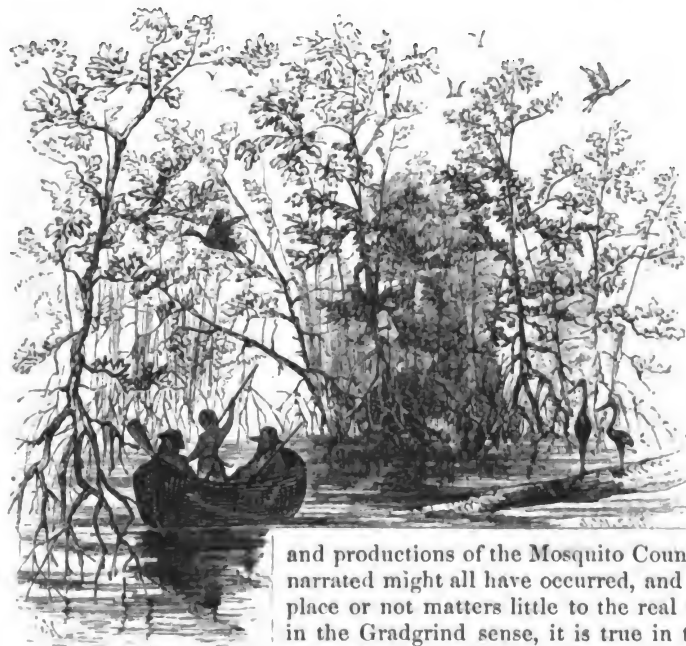


palms, and in the exuberance of the vines and creepers that climb from tree to tree in the dense mangrove swamps. The absurdities of the Sambos are hit off with a facility and comical power worthy of Darley. The sketches by the silent shore and among the lonely lagoons are as deeply imbued with poetical feeling as are the delicate productions of Kensett's pencil. The waves dashing upon the sandy beach, strewn here and there with ragged boulders, or heaving the hulk of the shipwrecked vessel, the grand line where the sky and water meet, and the picturesque forms of the clouds, want only the magic of colors to remind us of Church's happiest efforts. Our author is as



the capital sketches in "Waikna" was unknown to us. In the pictures of tropical scenery his pencil revels among the feathery foliage of the

Nimrods, who are on the look-out for strange and untried species of game. The incidental notices of the various productions of the country give a highly favorable picture of its commercial and agricultural capabilities, when it shall have passed into the hands of a people more enterprising and industrious than the mongrel races who now inhabit it; a consummation which, in the nature of things, can not be long delayed.



and productions of the Mosquito Country. The personal adventures narrated might all have occurred, and whether they did actually take place or not matters little to the real value of the book. If not true in the Gradgrind sense, it is true in the higher artistic and poetical sense of being a faithful and accurate picture of a very singular people.